

# THE FACE OF WASHINGTON

## THE FACE OF WASHINGTON



HOME OF WASHINGTON AT MT VERNON

**JOHN LANE of This City Only Man Living Who Looked Upon Washington's Face—Was But a Lad When He Accompanied Congressional Committee to Mount Vernon—Saw Body Removed to Its Last Resting Place—Remembers Very Well How Father of His Country Appeared in Death—Body Moved Twenty-five Years After Death.**

(Copyright, 1911, by W. A. Du Fay.)

It is the anniversary of the birth of Washington approaches it is interesting to know that there is a man still living in this, the twentieth, century who gazed on the face of the father of his country, who died in the eighteenth century—112 years ago, to be correct. This man who actually saw the countenance of George Washington is still in possession of his faculties and remembers well how that great man looked. He is, perhaps, the only man alive today who ever saw the first President's face.

This man, John Lane, a resident of Washington, was not born until a quarter of a century after Washington died. Yet, as stated before, he viewed that patriarch's face. The occurrence which makes this apparently impossible thing a fact was the opening of the tomb of Washington seventy-four years ago. At that time the body of the great man was moved from one tomb to another. A committee of Congress officiated at the transfer. The coffin was opened for one brief moment and the committee's members took a last long look at the face of the father of his country, who had been so long dead. The face remained as in life. After this one look the coffin was placed in its place in the new abode, where it has rested undisturbed ever since.

But when this congressional committee, on that October day three-quarters of a century ago, wound its way to Mount Vernon there went with it a boy. And while its members gazed awestruck on what they saw one of them raised the boy aloft, and he, too, looked.

This boy still lives, having attained

the ripe old age of eighty-six. All the other members of that party, being at the time of maturity, have long since died. The boy of 1837 is the venerable patriarch of today, John Lane of Washington. Now and again he becomes reminiscent and tells the stories of the men he knew in the early thirties. For then Washington was but a small town and the residents knew personally the men who were making the nation's history.

He tells of the small book store that his uncle kept on Pennsylvania avenue. There came Davy Crockett in 1831 and talked loudly of having antagonized his constituents and their consequent refusal to return him to Congress.

Next door lived Widow Gorman, who kept a boarding house and to whom a certain coxcomb who worked in the War Department owed a board bill of a hundred dollars. He refused to pay it and on the advice of friends, she went to Andy Jackson, then President, about the matter. Jackson told her to ask the debtor for a sixty-day note. The debtor gave the note and forgot it, never intending to make good. Widow Gorman brought it to the President, who indorsed it and the widow discounted it at her bank. When the bank presented it to the debtor, saying it had been discounted, he asked who was big enough fool to indorse his note. He was told and immediately hustled out and got the money to redeem it.

Tales of the garrulosity of Daniel Webster, of the fastidiousness of Henry Clay, of the great stature of Sam Houston, of the young lieutenant, Jefferson Davis, who one day brought in from Fort Dearborn, where Chicago now stands, the three Indian chiefs, Black Hawk, Tenskwatima and Sagoyewew, finally comes to his best story, that of his trip to Mount Vernon with the congressional committee that viewed the remains of Washington.

George Washington, when he died, realized that the vault which held the bodies of the dead members of his family and were destined to hold his own, was inadequate. In his last will and testament he had said:

"The family vault at Mount Vernon, requiring repairs, and being improperly situated besides, I desire that a new one of brick and upon a larger scale, may be built at the foot of which is called the Vineyard Enclosure, on the ground which is marked out, in which my remains and those of my deceased relatives (now in the old vault), and such other of my family as may choose to be entombed there, may be deposited."

Nothing was done in the matter, however, for thirty years. Then it was discovered that some vandal had broken into the old tomb, and in an evident attempt to steal the bones of Washington, had borne off those of some other member of the family. These were, however, gotten back, and the criminal punished.

This turned attention to the request of Washington for the building of the new tomb, and in 1837 it was complete and ready for transfer. Mr. John Struthers and Mr. William Strickland, of Philadelphia, under the guidance of Maj. Lewis, the sole remaining executor of Washington's will, prepared for the removal of the body. The formal part of the transfer was to be made under the eye of the congressional committee.

On the morning that the transfer was to be made the members of the committee had met at the bookstore of John Lane's uncle, and were there awaiting



JOHN LANE WHO SAW WASHINGTON'S FACE

the coming of the coaches that were to take them to Mount Vernon. These ancient conveyances were, of course, the most perfect means of rapid transportation of the day and time. When they arrived the committee members were merely stowing themselves away on the inside.

Young Johnnie Lane was one of a score of small boys who were looking on with youthful curiosity, and especially coveting the high seat beside the driver.

Now Johnnie Lane was a great favorite of Henry Clay, and that courtly gentleman was a sort of master of ceremonies



THE BEST PICTURE OF WASHINGTON.

on this occasion. When all was in readiness and there seemed no room left, Clay, much to the surprise of the boy and much to his immediate gratification, Johnnie, swung him to that very enviable seat beside the driver, himself clambered aloft and the party was on its way.

The stagecoaches wound their way through the outskirts of the village of Washington, across the Long bridge, and down through the much more ambitious town of Alexandria, on the Virginia side. Leaving this town, which claimed Washington for its own, the coaches took the old King's Highway, leading on to Mount Vernon. Half way there they stopped at a great water trough which had been built by the government. Washington had always driven this way when he came into Alexandria to church or on business, and his sympathy for the horses on the long, hot drive led him to the trough which exists today after supplying drink to thirsty steeds for a century and a half.

Finally the party arrived at Mount Vernon. Everything was in readiness for the opening of the tomb. The new tomb

which has since been sarcastically described as "a glaring red building somewhat between a coachhouse and a cage," was ready for occupancy. The old tomb was ready to be entered. The marble sarcophagus that was to surround the body of Washington was in place. The tomb of Washington was entered and an attempt was made to bring out the body. The body was found, and the wood of it was so rotten that it fell to pieces. Inside of the wood was found the body of the father of his country. The body had been placed at the time of his death. He had been embalmed in alcohol and sealed tightly in his casket. The leaden casket was imperishable and had remained sacred to its charge.

It was borne solemnly out of the old tomb and placed in the new sarcophagus to be made ready for its new resting place. When it was lowered into the marble covering and before the lid of it was put on, the whole was viewed by the congressional committee. Here for the last time the world was to come into contact with the physical Washington. Here were men to see again what remained of that greatest of soldiers, patriots and statesmen.

In the top of the leaden casket directly



THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON AT MT VERNON.

over the face of the body that it inclosed a piece of glass had been fitted into the lead. This glass was cleaned of the accumulations of the past years and burnished bright that that which was within might be seen. The congressman gathered about and looked through the glass.

The alcohol in which Washington had been embalmed had well performed its task. The head and the great trunk of the man remained preserved as in life. His strong, muscular face was turned to one side and those who looked saw the profile. At one point on the cheek the flesh had come to the surface of the liquid and here was a single blemish in the otherwise well preserved face.

The members of the committee gazed into the coffin. Little Johnnie Lane stood nearby, somewhat awed. One of the committee lifted him up that he might be able to see what was within. The strongest impression that Johnnie Lane brought away with him was the hugeness of the bulk of Washington. The head and chest seemed Herculean. The face appeared very much as it did in the pictures of Washington. The boy would have recognized it any place. He kept thinking: "He must have been a monstrous big man."

This same impression was evidently gotten by one other member of the party who looked on and who later recorded his impression. He says that they saw "a head and breast of large dimensions which would have suffered but little from the effects of time."

After the party had all viewed the remains the lid of the marble sarcophagus was placed over the leaden casket. The whole was sealed in such a way as to make it airtight. It was placed in the new tomb and there has remained ever since. There seems slight reason to doubt that the body of Washington is still in the tomb. But the journey of the body of Washington is not today in the same condition that it was in when seen by John Lane in 1837. The alcohol in the leaden casket at that time covered the body with the single exception of the face. Since then the air has been excluded and evaporation has, as a consequence, been very slight.

Beside the marble sarcophagus of Washington rests that of Martha, his wife. This is made of the same Italian marble as is that of the father of his country. Both were chiseled out of the solid marble. There is no seam to either except that where the lids are attached. These lids are of fine Italian marble, elaborately ornamented with the most perfect carving. The lids are cemented on, thus converting the caskets into one unbroken whole—a block of marble with the face of the father of his country and the face of the mother of his country. The vault itself is built on a hillside some 200 yards from the old Mount Vernon mansion. This is the most sacred

shrine in all America today. Here come thousands of people from all parts of the nation and even from abroad. He who visits the nation's capital always goes to the shrine of Washington.

The mansion is seen best from the Potomac river. There was never anything in America that surpassed Mount Vernon as an architectural or historical relic. It is a picture of a country home that has been chosen by Washington's descendants as the place of his final resting place. The hill upon which it stands slopes gradually from the dock at the water front. Its slopes are covered with grass, broken by flower beds and hedges. Above all rise great trees, some of which are remnants of the forest that once grew on the hill. The place of the patriarchs is claimed by time.

A little down stream from the path from the landing to the house is to be found the shrine. It is no imposing structure. Artists even say harsh things about it. But to the American visitor it is a thing to be revered. The back end of the vault burrows into the hillside, while the front of it comes to the level of the path. The shrine is guarded by a high iron gate. The pilgrim approaches this gate, treading softly. He looks through its bars and into the sepulcher. He is surprised to know that the very caskets that hold George and Martha Washington are there in the mouth of the tomb. Yet such is the case. The mouth of the tomb stands open, guarded only by the iron gate. Here the remains of the first lady and gentleman of the land have laid since that October morning of 1837 when they were so placed by a committee of Congress, who were accompanied by a small boy who is today the world's nearest tie to this first great American who is still without a rival in the nation's history. Here the fathers of the generations that have passed have come to do their reverence. Here Washington's remains are to be seen by all generations that are to come, for this shrine is a hallowed thing that may be shrined by no human hand.

John Lane goes occasionally to Mount Vernon to visit this shrine, for he is hale and strong, and a friend to the open country. But the journey of the body of Washington is not today in the same condition that it was in when seen by John Lane in 1837. The alcohol in the leaden casket at that time covered the body with the single exception of the face. Since then the air has been excluded and evaporation has, as a consequence, been very slight.

Beside the marble sarcophagus of Washington rests that of Martha, his wife. This is made of the same Italian marble as is that of the father of his country. Both were chiseled out of the solid marble. There is no seam to either except that where the lids are attached. These lids are of fine Italian marble, elaborately ornamented with the most perfect carving. The lids are cemented on, thus converting the caskets into one unbroken whole—a block of marble with the face of the father of his country and the face of the mother of his country. The vault itself is built on a hillside some 200 yards from the old Mount Vernon mansion. This is the most sacred

## Nuns of Noble Birth in Ancient Polish Capital

**ORDER of Canonesses Whose Members Must Show a Faultless Pedigree for Eight Generations, and Whose Order Allows Many Relaxations of the Severity of the Religious Life—Tea Parties and the Opera After Religious Duties Have Been Performed, But the Breath of Scandal Has Never Assailed Members of This Unusual Order—Stricter Rules Demanded by Rome.**

Special Correspondence of The Star.

WARSAW, February 9, 1911.

ALL over Europe in the last year or two the most noticeable tendency has been the revival of the religious life among society women, and this winter has seen a great influx of girls of good family into the various orders of canonesses and nuns.

As formed specially for their kind. These religious houses exist in several European capitals, but are most influential in Warsaw. The idea of society girls as nuns and canonesses—with all the social prestige and influence of canonesses—is familiar to the Polish aristocracy that its members strive to send young girls into the order. The best known and most fashionable here is the "Canonesses of the Virgin Mary," founded by a Countess Zamoyska in the early part of the eighteenth century. The order possesses a large house and church of its own in the center of the city, in the Opera Square, and holds other property besides. At one time it owned the land on which the opera house stands; but a business-like mother superior sold it to the government and invested the money to such advantage that the order is now an uncommonly rich one.

The task of entering the order is by

no means an easy one. To begin with, no candidate who is not of noble birth, no matter how wealthy she may be, has any chance at all. In this respect the order probably is unique. Then it is considered that the first class of the order is accessible to girls who can prove that their ancestors on both sides of the family have been noble for eight generations. The grandmother of middle-class families, for instance, debar the girl from entering this class. If her male ancestors have been noble for eight generations she may enter the second class. She must be an orphan on both sides, though exception is sometimes made for those who have a father who has married a second time. At the

lay down for themselves and far less strict than those unwritten laws which bind unmarried girls in Europe. For instance, when they return from a party late at night they must be escorted by a maid. Each nun of the first class has a maid. No matter how late they are the night before they must be at mass by 8 o'clock next morning. On entering this class, if the mother superior assumes that they are ill and orders them to keep their rooms, they may not dance, but they may go to look on at dances. They are supposed to dine in the refectory of the order, but permission is always given for them to dine out, even in fashionable restaurants, if they ask for it. It is quite a common sight to see canonesses supping at a smart restaurant after the theater or opera, while their friends dine in elegance and richness. The wearing of jewels is not supposed to be good form, but pearls are an exception.

The only rigorous time for the Canonesses is Lent and holy week. During Lent they abstain from meat three times a week and lead a quiet life, without parties. Holy week is practically spent in church. Easter Sunday and Monday are passed in the archbishop's palace, where they are received by the archbishop and his canons. Here they wear blue robes and white veils. If, after three years in the order, a canoness wishes to live a more secluded life, she takes a blue veil. Then she puts away her dresses and gives up going to parties and theaters. But she continues to receive female friends from the outside world.

Once a candidate has been elected to the canonesses her life lies in very pleasant places. As Countess Zamoyska—one of the canonesses and a descendant of that Countess Zamoyska with whom Napoleon the Great fell violently in love—often remarks, they have all the prestige and liberty of married women without the responsibilities of a house and family. Each canoness has her own suite of three rooms—one as a bedroom, one as a "sitting room" and the third as a maid's room. These rooms are furnished with comfort and refinement. Besides the more ceremonious receptions, which are attended by canons and the higher clergy, the canonesses have informal tea parties and soirees, where society people of both sexes gossip and listen to the latest mu-

sical attraction. Their position as members of the order of canonesses opens even the most exclusive houses for them, and everywhere they are treated with a respect which is not accorded to an unmarried woman in continental cities.

Their exclusive position arouses a good deal of comment from people for whom the order is beyond reach. Many criticize them and say the order is a hothead of snobishness, because those of the first class have the best rooms, while those of the second are lodged in damp, dark apartments. Several years ago there was a great outcry because a rumor got

abroad that the second-class nuns served those of the first class at dinner and even washed the dishes for them. Then the mother superior gave orders that those of the first class should have their own maids. There is a special fund for keeping up two carriages, but both are at the sole disposal of the first-class nuns.

It is said that somebody has complained about the order to Rome, and that steps will soon be taken to reform the statutes. These were drawn up so long ago that none of the canonesses know what they were like originally. The order has been so relaxed that a canoness wearing the white veil can even get the mother superior's permission to leave the order and marry. Henry Sienkiewicz, the well known author of "Quo Vadis," is married

to a lady who lived as a canoness for twenty years. His own sister, who died a few months ago, was also a nun of the order. When a nun dies her age is not mentioned in the death notice or put upon her tombstone. She is buried in the church of her order with great pomp and ceremony, and her sisters all watch over her coffin for several days and nights before the funeral.

There is little doubt that any new commands coming from Rome will be unpopular among the canonesses as they were among the Capuchins and Benedictines of Austria. About two years ago an attempt was made to reform the rules of the Benedictines of Austria and Hungary, of whom there are 10,000, but the order proved more powerful than was imagined and the reforms were abandoned. In the case of the Capuchin monks, whose laxity is also criticized, it is thought that the house of Hapsburg will intercede for them. Members of this imperial family have been buried in the Capuchin Church at Vienna for many generations. When a Hapsburg dies the reigning emperor raps at the monastery door and begs admission for the dead. The monks have the right to refuse even so august a person as the emperor and have done so in the past.

The nun-canonesses of the Blessed Virgin have not a monarch to plead their cause, but they have an aristocratic ancestry which has always been well received at Rome, and which will fight for their privileges with all the influence of the order. The order has been singularly free from any breath of scandal, and it performs many works of charity and affords a home for women of good family who otherwise would be cast on the world.

It is strange how many people one comes across who do not appreciate the necessity of supplying plants with food, and it is frequently said that trees, shrubs and other plants flourish in the woods and fields without any cultivation or artificial feeding, due to the fact that the soil is constantly increasing depth of good soil. In a garden, even if before planting the soil has been thoroughly prepared and enriched, the necessity for a more or



COUNTRESS ZIEBER.

She will probably exceed the present mother superior of the society canonesses.

to a lady who lived as a canoness for twenty years. His own sister, who died a few months ago, was also a nun of the order. When a nun dies her age is not mentioned in the death notice or put upon her tombstone. She is buried in the church of her order with great pomp and ceremony, and her sisters all watch over her coffin for several days and nights before the funeral.

There is little doubt that any new commands coming from Rome will be unpopular among the canonesses as they were among the Capuchins and Benedictines of Austria. About two years ago an attempt was made to reform the rules of the Benedictines of Austria and Hungary, of whom there are 10,000, but the order proved more powerful than was imagined and the reforms were abandoned. In the case of the Capuchin monks, whose laxity is also criticized, it is thought that the house of Hapsburg will intercede for them. Members of this imperial family have been buried in the Capuchin Church at Vienna for many generations. When a Hapsburg dies the reigning emperor raps at the monastery door and begs admission for the dead. The monks have the right to refuse even so august a person as the emperor and have done so in the past.

The nun-canonesses of the Blessed Virgin have not a monarch to plead their cause, but they have an aristocratic ancestry which has always been well received at Rome, and which will fight for their privileges with all the influence of the order. The order has been singularly free from any breath of scandal, and it performs many works of charity and affords a home for women of good family who otherwise would be cast on the world.

## Early Preparations for the Summer Garden

A WRITER of several hundred years ago said: "In every craft, there is a perfect excellency which may be better known in a man's mind than in his deed."

Perhaps in the craft of gardening, more than in any other, the realization never comes up to our ideals, but very often these ideals would be approached more closely if the methods adopted were better and more thorough. In going about among gardens of all sorts and sizes one frequently sees results that show too clearly that the first principle has been overlooked or neglected. The maxim that whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well is as much applicable to gardening as to anything else, and sickly plants and poor lawns are the natural effect of neglecting the first principle of garden making—that of thorough preparation of the soil.

It is strange but true that a really good lawn is almost impossible to find, yet the creation of one should be the first aim of the garden-maker. It is, of course, realized that at first he is in many instances confronted with obstacles not of his own choosing, due to the fact that the soil excavated from the basement of his house is generally piled in front of it and made into a terrace. Upon this soil, which scarcely contains an atom of available plant food, what is called "sod" is sometimes placed, but which is a rule contains more weeds than grass. Sometimes these objectionable terraces are the result of an alteration of the grade of the street or the house has been built in both cases it would be better to build a retaining wall, so as to do away with the sod, and excavate the soil with a new house, if the excavated soil were carted away, the difficulties of dealing with a lawn would not exist. Where these banks exist better effects can be produced by the use of some other ground close 200 yards from the old Mount Vernon mansion. This is the most sacred

It is strange how many people one comes across who do not appreciate the necessity of supplying plants with food, and it is frequently said that trees, shrubs and other plants flourish in the woods and fields without any cultivation or artificial feeding, due to the fact that the soil is constantly increasing depth of good soil. In a garden, even if before planting the soil has been thoroughly prepared and enriched, the necessity for a more or

less frequent application of plant food is a necessary evil. In every craft, there is a perfect excellency which may be better known in a man's mind than in his deed."

Perhaps in the craft of gardening, more than in any other, the realization never comes up to our ideals, but very often these ideals would be approached more closely if the methods adopted were better and more thorough. In going about among gardens of all sorts and sizes one frequently sees results that show too clearly that the first principle has been overlooked or neglected. The maxim that whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well is as much applicable to gardening as to anything else, and sickly plants and poor lawns are the natural effect of neglecting the first principle of garden making—that of thorough preparation of the soil.

It is strange but true that a really good lawn is almost impossible to find, yet the creation of one should be the first aim of the garden-maker. It is, of course, realized that at first he is in many instances confronted with obstacles not of his own choosing, due to the fact that the soil excavated from the basement of his house is generally piled in front of it and made into a terrace. Upon this soil, which scarcely contains an atom of available plant food, what is called "sod" is sometimes placed, but which is a rule contains more weeds than grass. Sometimes these objectionable terraces are the result of an alteration of the grade of the street or the house has been built in both cases it would be better to build a retaining wall, so as to do away with the sod, and excavate the soil with a new house, if the excavated soil were carted away, the difficulties of dealing with a lawn would not exist. Where these banks exist better effects can be produced by the use of some other ground close 200 yards from the old Mount Vernon mansion. This is the most sacred

IN THE SOCIETY CONVENT.  
A Drawing Room in the House of the Canonesses of the Virgin Mary at Warsaw.